

The history

But now you haue it take it.

Dio: VVhose was it?

Cres: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It should be challengd.

Cres: VVell, well, tis done, tis past: and yet it is not.
I will not keepe my word.

Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed*
again.

Cres: You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word but it
straight starts you.

Dio: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Plato*; but that that likes not you, pleases
me best.

Dio: VVhat shall I come? the houre--

Cres: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I shall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Cres: Good night, I prethee come:

Troilus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see;

Ah poore cur sex, this fault in vs I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind,

VVhat error leads must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther: A prooffe of strength, she could not publish more,

Vnlesse shee said my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vlis: All's done my Lord.

Vlis: VVhy stay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my soule

Of euery syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did Court,

Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert th attest of eyes and eares,

As

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

As if those organs were deceptions functions,
Created onely to calumniare. Was *Cresseid* heere?

Vlis: I cannot coniure *Trojan*,

Troyl: Shee was not sure,

Vlis: Most sure she was,

Troyl: Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse.

Vlis: Nor mine my Lord: *Cresseid* was heere but now.

Troyl: Let it not be beleu'd for woman-hood.

Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage

To stubborne Critiques apt without a theme

For deprauation, to square the generall sex

By *Cresseids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cresseid*.

Vli: What hath she done Prince that can spoile our mothers.

Troyl: Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

Ther: Will a swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes.

Troyl: This she, no this is *Diomedes Cresseida*,

If beauty haue a soule this is not shee:

If soules guide vowes, if vowes be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods delight:

If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,

This was not shee: O madnesse of discourse,

Thareause sets vp with and against it selfe,

By-sould authority: where reason can reuolt

Without perdition, and losse assume all,

Without reuolt. This is and is not *Cresseid*,

Within my soule there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparat,

Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:

And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,

Admits no onifex for a point as subtle,

As *Ariachna's* broken woofe to enter,

Instance, O instance strong as *Plutoes* gates,

Cresseid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen,

Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe,

The bonds of heauen are split, dissolud and loose,

And with another knot funder finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, outs of her loue.

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greazie reliques.

Of